

Dark Darrell's Bride.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

Ilma had herself too high a spirit to rebuke the fierce temper of her haughty lover; but the mention of Roland had brought to her the first thought of the time; and now she suddenly pointed upwards to a gap in the trees.

"Philip," she said, "how long late the day is growing. Aunt Rachael will have returned and will wonder where I am. I must go home. How far is this from Scarth Abbott?"

"Too far for you to go yet," replied Sir Philip. "Nay, sweetheart, a little longer I cannot so soon yield my first taste of Elysium."

And Ilma suffered him to lead her farther onwards, away from the entrance to the glen. The sun was sinking towards the western horizon when Dark Darrell and his golden-haired love came forth from the deep shadow of the Abbott's Vale. Leading Ilma, he walked with her almost to the village, leaving her where he could see the slight form sitting towards the very gates of the Grange.

Turning when she had nearly reached this point, she saw him still standing motionless by his horse, watching her; and, as she turned, he kissed her hand to her.

CHAPTER X.

It was barely eleven o'clock when Roland Sabine went to the Grange only to learn that Miss Ilma was out and had left no message. No message! Had she forgotten her promise to him? Roland ground his teeth; but, hating his wrath from the servant, he said he would wait till Miss Durnford returned.

The old lady came back before one. She knew nothing; Ilma, however, would be in during the afternoon. Roland departed, and at three called again. Ilma had not yet returned. Miss Durnford had flattered herself that the girl was at the Larches; but the young Scire's appearance made her anxious. What could have become of the child? She could never have staid away so long on purpose. Roland shared her anxiety, and went at once to make inquiries about Ilma.

He turned his steps first towards the river, and was just approaching the lock bridge, when he saw Zeph coming down the slope. "What do you know of the girl?" he asked, and as he came towards her, she looked into his face with a wicked dash in her eyes and laughed.

"You can keep off," she said shortly; "and you needn't try to hide what you're after. It's Dark Darrell's lady love you were going to ask about, I know."

"Dear Zeph," began Roland, "if you have seen—"

"Don't 'dear Zeph' me!" interrupted the girl fiercely, stamping her foot. "You'd draw me as soon as look at me if you dared, or see me down, which is the worst thing to it. It's that golden-haired foreign count of yours you are in love with; and all the pretty things you have said to me count for nothing now. But you won't get her. Didn't I know Sir Philip would have her when I saw her riding the Arab?"

"Zeph, are you mad?" cried Roland hoarsely. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, I may suffer," retorted the undaunted girl; "but you must not wait an instant to know what the girl you love is about! You may talk to me, and tell me you love me, and give me things, and there is no harm done; as if I had no heart, and need not feel your throw me over directly a beauty from foreign parts comes your way! 'Tis no use to flume, Mr. Sabine; you have treated me as Sir Philip would not have done, whatever his ancestor did. He's a noble gentleman anyhow, and he'd never fool with an honest girl he couldn't marry, as you have done."

"You needn't worry after Miss Ilma; she's chosen a handsome lover than you, I say, but she's been dreading her weird while you've been hunting the woods for her. She's not afraid of Sir Philip's kisses, I'll warrant; she'd rather die with him than live with you."

"Oh, no!" replied Zeph quietly. "Maybe she's home now; but I saw them on the road together, twenty minutes ago; he was leading his horse and she was by his side. Drop your hand, Mr. Sabine; you hurt me. Just a bit above the village they stepped and said good-bye. He didn't kiss her then, though there was nobody by that they could see; but he stood still where she'd left him, and he looked back. When she'd gone a bit, she looked back, and he kissed his hand to her. You don't like it, eh?"

"For Roland stamped his foot, and, with a terrible imprecation, ground it on the path. "Well, go and tell him so; but you can't have her if she loves him, you know that."

"By the heavens above, he shall not have her!" said Roland, in blind fury. "I will take her from him, or they shall perish together! I swear it!"

Zeph's eyes flashed. She sprang forward and grasped the young man's hand. "Count on me," she said. "I hate her as you hate him, and will hate him when she scorns you for his will. Ay"—and Roland shook off her hand her voice rose almost to a shriek—"it's of no use, Roland Sabine! If she loves Philip Darrell, she must die; and you know it. You take her from him! Ha ha!"—and she laughed long and loudly.

Before the echo of her laughter had died away, Roland was hundreds of yards from the spot, speeding he knew not whither. Not homewards, for he dare not be seen there; nor to the Grange, for he could not meet Ilma in her aunt's presence. He dashed into the woods, and there remained till long after darkness had fallen, now walking wildly to and fro, now lying on the ground in a chaos of thought that made him feel at times as if his reason were leaving him. He never doubted that Ilma had met Sir Philip Darrell by appointment; and she had either forgotten her promise to himself or had deliberately ignored it. He swore again that she should be his, or die with the lover she had preferred to him.

In Roland Sabine's nature there was a ferocity that no one would suspect who saw in him a frank, perhaps at times sultry-tempered, and at times a cool, calculating man. After all, a selfish passion; it was capable of self-sacrifice. What he desired to possess should be his or should be long to no one else; rather would he destroy what he valued than allow another to have it. He had displayed this trait even as a lad. He had shot a favorite pointer that had acquired troublesome habits rather than allow a neighbor with whom he was on bad terms to have the animal.

He would rather have seen Ilma Coglietti dispatched dead at his feet than happy in a girl's arms. Fearful as the thought was to do so, he did not put it from him, or even try to do so. He nursed it with a fierce triumph, and even acted with a grim satisfaction, as he at length walked homewards through the night, that a heavy cloud hung solitary

in the heavens, otherwise clear, which seemed to brood over the river, and that the air was close and heavy. In a few days—it might be a week, it might be less—the flood would be out!

Ilma, kneeling at the chamber window, saw that cloud too, and bowed her sunny head; and she prayed—ab, how earnestly!—with bitter tears, for her lover. She had not told her aunt of her interview with Sir Philip Darrell. The old lady had received her with the joy of one relieved from keen anxiety; and she had told Ilma that Roland had called twice, and had gone to search for her. Ilma had been very penitent; but she had only said that she had been for a long ramble and did not know how the time had passed—which was strictly true; and Miss Durnford had been satisfied with the explanation.

But now the old lady could not sleep, for she saw the black cloud hanging in the sultry sky; and she stole softly to Ilma's chamber and opened the door. The girl started up from the window and came to meet her.

"Auntie!"

"My dear child," said Miss Durnford, "that cloud too, and you are not even undressed. What are you doing by the open window?"

"Watching that cloud, auntie. I am not tired."

Miss Durnford could not see the speaker's face distinctly in the dusk of the apartment; but she drew the slight form towards her, and said gently—

"I cannot sleep to-night, and I came to see if you were wakeful too. My heart fails me"—and her voice faltered—"when I think of Sir Philip Darrell—still at the Court."

Ilma gently disengaged herself from her aunt's embrace, and went back to the window, not kneeling down this time, but standing with her forehead resting against the glass. Presently she said softly, without looking round to where her aunt still stood—

"I do not believe in the curse, auntie."

"Ilma dear," returned Miss Durnford, "you must not mind my saying this, but I hope you are not speaking so because you do not wish to believe in misfortune coming to Sir Philip. I mean, I hope you do not think too much of him. You understand me?"

"Yes, auntie; I understand."

Miss Durnford paused; but Ilma said no more; and the old lady felt disappointed. Why could not the child be frank with her? Surely, she thought, in fear and perplexity, nothing had passed between Ilma and Sir Philip? If there had been anything, the child ought to tell her. Miss Durnford did not know how difficult is such confidence to a sensitive nature, even if willingly offered, and Ilma was not willing. The secret belonged to herself and Sir Philip, for the present at least. Its revelation could only make her aunt unhappy, and perhaps angry. Why should any one know? So the girl stood silent.

"Ilma," said Miss Durnford, "you make me anxious. You are not open with me, as you should be. I do not want to blame you; Sir Philip is a most fascinating man, and it would be nothing strange if you had allowed him to engage your fancy."

Fancy—when the very sound of his name thrilled through every nerve! But the girl shrank from the prim phraseology, and felt that she could not give her confidence; besides, had she a right to do so? It was true that her lover had not uttered a word that implied he desired secrecy; but she would not—indeed she would not—speak of what seemed to her too solemn and sacred to be talked about.

"Auntie," she said pleadingly—and there were tears in the sweet young voice—"please do not ask me any questions to-night—another time perhaps, but not now. Don't think me unkind or ungrateful; but I couldn't say to-night."

"You American girls," she said again, "are so independent, I cannot understand you. When I was your age, I sought my mother's help when I was in trouble; but you fight your own battles at seventeen. Good night, dear; go to bed and try to get some sleep."

Ilma was alone again. Independent? Yes, doubtless she was; but somehow she did not now feel the need of even a mother; and a mother, she argued—she had never known her own—was something that the kindest of aunts could not be. Her lover seemed all-sufficient.

"Father to me then, and mother dear, and brother too, kind and true of heart, So speaks Andromache."

And so spoke Ilma. Even with regard to Roland Sabine she felt stronger—she still dreaded him, but not so much. She might have spoken to her aunt, and so avoided an interview with him; but this idea did not occur to her. She could, in her fear, run away from him altogether; but to ask any one to interpose on her behalf was contrary to her nature; and, after all, she thought, Roland had a right to see her. Certainly she would not seek an interview, but she would no longer avoid it.

At the turn of the night the rain came. It fell suddenly, like a vast sheet of water from the heavens, with the roar and hiss of a cataract. It beat down the flowers in the garden; it laid flat the corn in the fields; it converted many a dry mountain watercourse into a brawling stream. Villagers, started out of their sleep by the roaring of the torrent, drew back their curtains and gazed forth in terror; and the thoughts of all turned to the grand old castellated mansion of the Darrells and its doomed lord.

Job Heston arose and went to his daughter's chamber and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said the girl, in a low voice, after a pause, filled by the rush of the rain, mingling with and almost drowning the roar of the weir.

"Why," replied Heston steadily, "he'll die, and the foreign mislay too. You saw her with him to-day, Zeph. I knew how it would be; here is the life for which he'll lose his. It'll come about somehow. They'll toll the great bell in the chapel for the last of the Darrells before Sunday comes around again."

The storm began to lessen at three o'clock, but the rain still fell in torrents till nearly midday; and at that time the Coalmere was rushing rapidly between its green banks, a swollen and angry tide.

"The water's risen more'n two feet since six o'clock this morning," said the old look-man to Zeph. "If I was your father, I'd clear out of the Mill; for there's no saying what may happen if the rain comes again to-night as it did last night."

"We'll have to go to Uncle's yonder," returned Zeph gloomily, pointing across the bridge.

"And I'd see to it before nightfall if I was you," said the look-man. "I'd warrant the Lord's life as soon as I'd warrant the Mill to-night if the rain comes on heavy; and, once the floods are out, I'll

you get away, even if the Mill don't go—and it's bound to!"

Early in the afternoon it became known that Job Heston and his daughter were transferring all movables from the Mill to places of safety on the Scarth Abbott side of the river, household goods being deposited with a relative of Job's late wife, who was only a cousin, though Zeph called him "uncle."

No one liked the Hestons; so, even in his present extremity, Job could obtain little help but what he paid for. He knew that if he had sent up to the Court Sir Philip would have despatched a gang of laborers to aid him; but Job would not be "beholden" to Sir Philip for anything.

The miller expressed no regret for the impending destruction of his property. He had amassed a good sum of money, and could easily refit himself elsewhere; and other feelings which might have clung round the inheritance of his fathers seemed to be all but obliterated by the grim satisfaction with which he contemplated a ruin that would include, as he believed, that of the last representative of false Sir Ingelhart, and which would fulfill the curse. He said little indeed, but glanced anxiously at the river and at the overcast sky.

"Maybe this'll be Dark Darrell's last night on earth; the Mill won't be there at sunrise tomorrow."

CHAPTER XI.

Nothing but the rain and the fate of Sir Philip Darrell was talked about at the Larches. Roland's face on the night before had plainly showed that something was very wrong; but he had vouchsafed not a word of explanation, going straight to his room; and now he was equally uncommunicative. He sat at the table while the busy of talk went on around him, and did not utter a word. His appetite usually hearty, had deserted him. He drank eagerly, as if consumed by thirst, but ate nothing; and his mother and sisters arrived at the conclusion that he had seen Ilma, spoken to her, and been rejected. Roland tried strenuously to banish Sir Philip's name from the conversation, and succeeded partially, but not entirely.

Directly after breakfast Roland withdrew to his study and locked the door; and no one ventured to intrude upon his solitude. The heavy fall of rain till noon frustrated his original intention of seeking Ilma in the morning; but when he awoke, he called forth; and, as he crossed the hall, Rose rushed up to him breathless.

"Roland, Roland, have you heard?"

"Heard what?" said her brother roughly. "I have heard nothing."

"It is said if it rains to-night as it did last night the floods will be so great that the Mill will be washed away."

"Ah, by Heaven!"

Roland paused suddenly, and a look came into his face that made his sister recall the auger firm he showed nothing but resolve. She drew back as Roland came forward eagerly, and held out her hand, as if by that action to deny him any other salutation until she knew whether he returned it as lover or as cousin. Roland paused.

"Well," he said with a forced laugh, which the auger dust in his eyes told, and the green gleam in his eyes belied, "are we strangers?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

FORMS OF SALUTATION.

Originate in Different Nations from Certain Peculiarities of the People.

It is not, perhaps, a far-fetched suggestion that we may detect a good deal of natural character in the idioms employed for salutation and affirmation. Thus the English, who are always busy and doing something, say: "How do you do?"

The Frenchmen, who are always thinking of their appearance and of the impression they may make by their deportment, ask: "How do you carry yourself?"

The German, whose wits are apt to be wandering in a maze of speculation, inquires: "How do you find yourself?"

The Italian, who, when in good health, stands easily and moves gracefully, deems it the most pertinent question to ask: "How do you stand?" or "How do you go?"

Another curious fact is that the southern and catholic nations always say: "I believe so," where the northern and protestant nations would say: "I think so." It is as if the former took everything on trust as a matter of belief, while the latter refer everything to their own reason, and accept it as a matter of opinion. The Romans seldom gave token of assent by means of a simple particle like our "yes," but usually answered by reaffirming the questioner's proposition. Thus to the inquiry: "Do you believe?" they would reply: "I believe." Their "Ita est" seems to have corresponded to the Americanism, "That's so." One might pursue this investigation through all the idioms of social intercourse in different countries, says the New York Ledger, and it would probably prove possible to explain most of them by national temperaments and habits of thought.

Sermonette on the Devil.

Woman swears, but when a man steps on the hem of her dress and ruins a couple of yards of expensive trimming, the thoughts which pass through her mind afford the devil as much amusement as though she had let out a string of oaths a mile and a half long.—New York Herald.

Sensible Mother.

Laura: "Do you want to read this novel when I have finished it?" Flora: "Which chapter does the wedding occur in—the last? Mamma never allows me to read novels that have the marriage in the first chapter."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE ALLIANCE.

The Bovier Appeal: Farmers and laboring men in general go to work and elect the idlers and enemies of labor into power, who, in turn, go to work and enact laws to rob and fleece the very ones who gave them power to do so, and for years the farmer wage-workers have meekly and uncomplainingly submitted to them.

The Progress: Let not the laborers of America forget that the volume of money is what regulates wages. Let them not listen to the howl of the money kings who are wanting everything reduced to a gold basis that they may own the earth. Let them not forget that the cry for more money comes from the down-trodden and oppressed tolling millions. Let them bear in mind that more money means freedom, but contraction means slavery.

The Western Advocate: The government must own the railroads and the railroads will own the government. Government control without government ownership is a fatal delusion. The vast money interests of these great corporations always has and always will control all legislation in their interest. The wealth which they extort from the people is used to corrupt legislatures and buy judges, till justice cannot be secured except by the people's taking possession of the entire business.

The Alliance Farmer: As the hours grow darker clasp hands, brethren, and stand firm by our beloved order. Stand by its principles, come what may, and in the end a glorious independence will be secured. Independence is the only thing that can better your condition. You want to be independent of monopolies, banks, trusts, and all political parties. Independent of thieving combines, as well as political combines, and you are safe and on the high road to that social and financial independence that is the long sought unrealized hope of the tolling millions of the world.

The Modern Light: Victor Hugo says the problem of civilization is "the creation of wealth and the distribution of wealth." This is the question now being considered by the voters of this government. The question of human civilization is now on trial and the voters of this government compose the jury that will have to decide it. Will the decision be given in favor of leaving a just portion of the wealth in the hands of the producers, thereby bettering the condition of the great plain suffering people and advancing civilization, or will it uphold our present financial system which binds the producers and laborers in slavery to the money power and will ultimately destroy the last vestige of liberty?

The Alliance Echo: The farmer pays the taxes. If he lies his neighbors will tell the tax collector, and he is caught up with, but his brother in the city is sent a blank to fill out, and he writes as much or as little as he pleases and swears to it and returns it. If he has a palace home with costly furniture and rooms elegantly furnished from cellar to garret, worth \$25,000, he gives it in at from \$3,000 to \$5,000. If he has cash and bonds to the amount of \$10,000 he will not return a cent. Should he have a large sum of money deposited in the banks he draws it out takes a certificate check and has the cashier hide it away in his vaults till the assessment is taken. Hence the burden of taxation falls upon the farmer who can't well evade the law, if he is so disposed, or upon the poorer classes in the city who have houses and lots that can't be covered up.

The Hart County Record: The next legislature is composed of between sixty and seventy members who are farmers, and who were elected mainly by the influence of the Farmer's Alliance; there are not exceeding ten lawyers, who heretofore have controlled the legislation of the state, upon whose shoulders all unjust legislation rests. Now the farmers have a chance to show their hands, and a whole state what is most needed, it is a feather in their caps, but if blind prejudice and base ignorance are the prevailing features, it will be well for the framers of the new constitution to have made the legislation of the state a nullity never to meet again. A few men should not control the whole body, but as a unit they should move forward for the common good. Let the farmers show lawyers they have not only brains but honesty and capacity to use them.

The Midland Mechanic: We are not finding fault with our lot in life, but when we see a great city almost depopulated by those who are fortunate enough to possess the wherewith to take a summer vacation, we ask ourselves why we were not born with a silver spoon between our gums, like some of our more fortunate neighbors. Through the long summer months we are compelled to remain in the office, with our loved ones far away, never daring to hope for anything better. While our more fortunate neighbor cashes his himself away to the mountains or some summer resort and spends more money for pleasure during his vacation than we can earn in a decade. There is something radically wrong in the distribution of the good things of this earth, and we think some of us are getting the worst of the deal. It isn't because the wealthier have more brains than the poorer class, but because they were more fortunate in receiving from their forefathers a competency, or been more successful in financial matters. We will live in hopes if we die in despair.

WHAT WE ARE WORTH.

With Walsh the American People Have Created.

Census bulletin number 104 has been issued. It shows the assessed valuation of the different states and territories, for 1880 to 1890, with increase of wealth per capita. According to this bulletin the assessed wealth of the United States is \$24 billion, which upon the same ratio used in 1880 would give the absolute wealth of the country at sixty-two and a half billions, or nearly \$1,000 per capita.

Iowa has an assessed valuation of \$250.18 per capita, or a little more than twice the mortgage indebtedness. Kansas has \$203.63, which is perhaps less than her indebtedness. If the figures of the office are anything near correct, the American people have created some eight billions of wealth during the past decade. How has it been distributed? How many more working men have homes now than then? How much nearer are the people out of debt now than then? Are the millionaires any plentier? Why are they? Remember if the men who have worked had divided equally with each and every person in the United States each would have \$130 more than in 1880, but some men have made from one to ten thousand times that much. We said made, but they did not make it, they acquired it. How? The answer is yours. It is for every man who has any solicitude for his family or country to ponder over these questions and answer to the best of his ability. We are well aware that the average man had rather be told he is prosperous when he knows it is a lie, than to be thought poor by his neighbors. This trait of human nature, this love of flattery has helped to bring the farmers of this country to their present state. Orators would enlarge upon the fact that the farm was the basis of wealth. The farmer the most favored man on earth. They would contrast the misery and hunger of a London workshop with the life of the farmer. The farmers have known, and nine-tenths of them will admit that times are hard. Debts are harder to pay. The mortgage placed five years ago is still there, but the party orators tell them they are prosperous they say to themselves: "Next year if I have a good crop I can get nearly or quite out of debt, and will then be in pretty good shape." So he votes "straight" opposing his neighbor, perhaps a relative, and after election admits that something is wrong, but he never will help the other fellows into power. Thus the farce goes on year after year. The tollers of this nation produce over and above their living \$800,000,000 of wealth annually. The interest on borrowed capital is \$800,000,000 annually. Thus the earnings of the multitude are transferred to the pockets of the few.—Geo. B. Lang in the Alliance Tribune.

Stop Them.

The papers of the various countries of Europe have within the last month published many reports of the abundance of the grain crops of the United States; and we have now been made aware of the fact that the publication of these reports has given new vigor to the desire to emigrate to this country that is widespread among the masses of several European nations. It is almost impossible for people who are suffering, or who dread the approach of suffering, by reason of poor harvests in their own lands, to hear of our American harvests without feeling impelled to fly to the land of plenty; and this impulse has recently been overwhelming in the minds of millions. If all the Italian and Russian and Austrian and German and British people who are now anxious to cross the ocean to this country to the means needed to do so, we would see an emigration to our ports vastly greater than any ever seen in past times. The emigration agents now in Europe, as well as those in this country, have been made aware of these facts.—Boodle Paper.

Yes, they are coming, Uncle Samuel, one hundred million more!

If you let them!

Who'll hinder them?

Not the oligarchy of rich men who rule us!

Not much!

The more the merrier, is their cry.

That's the way to break up the Knights of Labor and the Farmers' Alliance, says British Banker Clews from his \$40,000 bath tub.

Crush out labor; break down wages of labor by an overplus of labor, and you break up the growing mutiny of the hayseeds and mudsills.

It is hard to keep starving people from our shores, but without an almost total stoppage of immigration we can not hope to regain the republican form of government that is now suppressed.

There are very few of the fifteen hundred million people of the world who would not prefer American conditions to those they are in?

Stop them!—Chicago Sentinel.

Distribution of American Wealth.

Thomas G. Shearman, the eminent statistician and political economist, declared several months ago that the wealth of the United States was distributed as follows:

Class.	Families.	Wealth.	Average per Family.
Rich	23,810	\$43,900,000,000	\$1,843
Middle	1,200,000	1,900,000,000	1.58
Working	11,960,000	11,172,000,000	93

The correctness of this classification has never been questioned and it stands to-day a most startling commentary on those political and financial practices and systems which are responsible for this woefully un equitable distribution of the fruits of industry's toil. It is also an excellent answer to the question so often asked our industrialists: "What have you to complain of?"

MISREPRESENTATION.

The Old Part: Organs Adopt a Despicable Mode of Warfare.

The kind of articles going the rounds of the old party organs purporting to represent the "Alliance demands" serve very aptly to illustrate the real attitude of the party leaders toward the Farmers' Alliance. As yet we do not expect them to be in a frame of mind to heartily accord our movement a complete endorsement, but it would seem the part of ordinary wisdom to make a careful study and write upon subjects pertaining to the Alliance clearly and truthfully. The Alliance has demanded an increase of the circulating medium to \$50 per capita, but nowhere and in no shape has it demanded an unsecured or irredeemable inflation of the currency. Much ado is made about the condition of affairs in the Argentine Republic, but that is neither a parallel nor an illustration of our demands. Argentina is not the United States in resources, developments or credit. Nor has Argentina tried the Alliance plan at all. The powers which we say inhere in government and which we demand shall remain there, they delegated to two banks, and then based the redemption of all their inflated issue upon gold. Argentina is a practical illustration of the evils of the present financial system carried to excess, and the ruin of the great banking house of Baring Brothers of London is an example of what is sure to come wherever the government delegates the control of the finances to private concerns. The Alliance demands an issue of currency by the government in sufficient volume to meet the business of the country, but it is a false and fraudulent assertion to name \$400,000,000, or any other specific sum as the positive demand of the Alliance, and then set about to beat down this man of straw as visionary, or leading to inevitable financial ruin. The demand of the Alliance is that money sufficient for the easy conduct of business shall issue direct to the people upon satisfactory security, to be increased or diminished as the volume of business may require. This is a proposition on that no one will contend directly against. It exists to-day in some form both in theory and in practice as a principle in political economy. The only real contention is as to who shall control and regulate this issue of currency. The plutocrats say the banks; we say the government. Just at this time an immense volume of currency is needed to pay for the harvest, and move a portion of the crops toward market. The volume of our circulation needs to be increased to that amount. As finances are now the banks and speculators have absolute control. It moves through them, performs a certain duty and then is by them systematically withdrawn. The result of that money is based upon the very same security that we offer in the sub-treasury plan. No we offer a better security, because while the crop is the ultimate basis, every practical financier knows that this actual security is remote, complex and evasive. In a large part of the present transaction. We challenge the plutocratic press to a fair discussion of this on this point. We offer a better basis for issue, and better security than exists to-day. The reason they misrepresent and malign our demand is that it strikes at the power of Wall street to control the volume and circulation of money the people must have. It cuts off the extortionate rates of discount and interest. It cuts off the monopoly of railway managers and mills and elevators, by each and all of which immense fortunes are made and all by middlemen, the means out of the cramped producer on the one hand and out of the cornered consumer on the other hand. One thing is now certain. This plutocratic press must notice our demands. If they prefer to misrepresent they must take the consequences. A vigorous and able reform press is occupying commanding positions and the people will have our side of these questions. Able speakers are daily meeting the assembled thousands of the people at celebrations. Very soon the halls of legislation and some radical work will be done. Just what that work will be or when it will come perhaps no man can now tell, but depend upon it, it is coming.—Alliance Advocate.

Ye Sticker and Ye Stuck.

God made two classes of mankind
Ye sticker and ye stuck;
Ye sticker is made of finest clay,
Ye last is made of muck.

Ye sticker hath ye royal time,
And hath ye untold hoard;
But ye poorer little one he stuck
Hath no more "tick" for board.

Right jolly is ye sticker man,
He liveth broad and stout;
He liveth on ye fattest things,
And driveth round about.

But ye poorer stuck doth never laugh,
He groweth lean and lank;
And seeth all his pennies fade,
In yonder falling bank.

God made ye classes as ye are;
I doubt not he knows best.
But still ye sticker man gets all
And pulleth down ye rest.

Give Us Cheaper Money.

Did one dollar ever buy more of the general necessities and conveniences of life than it does now? If so, when was it?—Ottumwa Courier.

We don't believe it ever did. Oats 16 cents per bushel; section bands 90 cents per day; starved women making shirts at 3 cents apiece. The John Sherman contraction policy has made dear dollars and cheap labor. We want dearer labor and cheaper dollars. The remedy is inflation in the interest of the people. Newton Herald.